2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ſt ſlaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
Firſt nature ſtilde it in, ſhrunke thee into
The bownd thou waſt ore-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireſſe
That equally canſt poize ſternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaſſe of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth ſcortch,
Vnder the ſhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood-cized field, lay ſwolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, ſay no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your diſtreſſe: Let him conſider:
Ile ſpeake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, ſo ſorrow wanting forme
Is preſt with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray ſtand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,
Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a
You may behold 'em (Lady,
He that will all the Treaſure
Muſt know the Center too; h
For my leaſt minnow, let him
To catch one at my heart. O
Extremity that ſharpens ſund
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you ſay noth
Who cannot feele, nor ſee the
Knowes neither wet, nor dry
The ground-peece of ſome P
T'inſtruct me gainſt a Capit
Such heart peirc'd demonſtra
Being a naturall Sifter of our
Your ſorrow beates ſo arden
That it ſhall make a counter
My Brothers heart, and warm
Though it were made of ſton

Theſ. Forward to'th Tem
O'th ſacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebra
Will long laſt, and be more c
Your Suppliants war: Rem
Knowles in the eare, o'th wo
Is not done raſhly; your firſt
Then others laboured medita
More then their actions: But
Soone as they mooves as Aſp
Subdue before they touch, th
What beds our ſlaine Kings h

2. *Qu.* What greifes our
That our deere Lords have n

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th c
Thoſe that with Cordes, Kni
Weary of this worlds light,
Beene deathes moſt horrid
Affords them duſt and ſhad

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

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